

BEFORE NIGHT.

It is the hour when faints the long, gold day;
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest;
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the bee into the rose's breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.

Now the round notes of nestless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace to me!

—Eleanor Norton, in Harper's Magazine.



HER SACRIFICE

By ELEANOR LEE

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He walked slowly along the dusty country road on a lovely July evening. His air was dejected, his clothes worn and shabby. A tramp, one might decide at first glance; at a second one could see that he had known better days. Not ago but a sense of failure had bowed his form and drawn lines on his brow and mouth. He had wrecked his life; he had nothing to live for, no one to love.

The sharp click of heels suddenly attracted his attention. He raised his tired eyes from the road and turned in the direction of the sound. It came from a cemetery on a steep, green hill to his right. He could see the marble shafts gleaming through the trees. A neat picket fence enclosed it, and the gate was slightly ajar.

Impelled by a curious feeling he did not stop to analyze, he pushed it open and walked wearily up the slope. A young woman was on her knees beside a grave, clipping the grass along its edge. Her back was turned to him and she had not heard his footsteps on the turf. In a soft, cultivated voice she was singing:

"The sun is shining fast,
The daylight dies,
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice."

He felt a languid interest in watching the girl as she took some flowers from a basket and arranged them in a crown—white roses and pink, sweet peas—and scattered pansies on the velvet green sward.

Then she arose and stood at the foot of the grave, regarding it with a look of subdued satisfaction. Her face was turned in the direction of the lilac shrub, behind which the intruder stood, and the sight of it made him start violently and come forward hastily.

The girl's exclamation of surprise and alarm was cut short by the stranger's courteous lifting of his hat, any saying in the voice of a gentleman: "Do not be alarmed, madam. Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

The girl pushed her hair from her heated forehead with a nervous movement. "My name is Alice Osborne," she answered.

"Osborne"—in a disappointed tone. "Are you not—you resemble my—someone I knew. Did you ever hear of Alice Dale?" He spoke eagerly and yet hopelessly.

Her eyes opened wonderingly upon him. "That was my mother's name. Is it she you mean?"

"It can be no other. You are her very image—when I saw her first. The same features, the same wavy hair, the same pretty color—your eyes—how like her are they!"

"I am glad you know my mother," she said, gently. "Sit here on the grass and tell me about her. I was



"Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

scarcely two years old when she died."

"And fortunate it was that she died then." The man's voice was full of bitter despair. "She escaped a world of trouble."

"We will not speak of my father now," the girl said quickly. "Do you remember your father?"

"Yes," reluctantly. "What became of you when he absconded with his partner's money?" the man went on, as though taking a grim pleasure in raking up past misdeeds.

"A wealthy farmer adopted me. I am called Osborne now. I have a luxurious home and every advantage

of education and travel. One great sorrow though—my foster father died a year ago. This is his grave."

The man looked at it with new interest. Then he noted the black ribbons on the girl's simple white dress. "And you are happy in your new home?"

"It is not new to me; I scarcely remember any other. I love my mother—I have always called Mrs. Osborne so."

"But your father," persisted the stranger, "do you never think of him? Or have your new friends taught you to forget him?"



He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her.

Alice looked sadly up at the placid evening sky. "I pray for him always," she murmured softly.

The man's face gleamed with a sudden hope. "And would you be glad to know him? Would you forgive him?" "I forgive him long ago," she turned to him quickly, and noted his agitated face. "You know where my father is—tell me."

"He has served his term of punishment. He is free once more. He is—Alice—I am your father!"

The rosy light died out of the girl's face, her hands clutched the grass at her side. Even in her worst dreams she had never pictured her father like this. She shrank involuntarily from him as he moved a little nearer. Her eyes had no welcome for him.

Without a word the convict turned away. The ray of hope faded from his face, and the old, bitter look returned. He got up slowly from the grass, and stumbled on his way blindly among the graves.

Alice watched him for a moment unreluctantly. Then the bent, gray head and stooping shoulders, the attitude of a man prematurely aged, moved her soul to pity. She sprang up and followed him.

"Father!" she called. The girl's arms were around his neck, her lips touched his rough beard, her soft hair brushed his cheek.

"Father, what would you have me do for you?" the daughter asked after a pause.

"Take your mother's place. Make a home for me. Had she lived I would not have sinned. Help me to be a better man."

Alice drew herself from his arms with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Go away with him! live with him! She had not anticipated this. That she should shelter him for a time and provide money to start anew was all, surely, that could be expected of her. Money she knew she could obtain for him—was not that enough?

The sun had set behind grey clouds; the night breeze moaned through the trees; she shivered in her thin dress. It seemed that all the brightness had gone from her young life with the setting of the sun.

The man watched the expression of the girl's face, saw the struggle going on, the change from a light-hearted girl to a care-burdened woman. He was dimly aware of the magnitude of the sacrifice he had called upon her to make. And he knew, perfectly, that his destiny depended upon her decision.

As he watched her, now hopelessly, now despairingly, the expression of the sweet face changed again to one of high resolve, of noble purpose, and he knew that Duty had won the victory over Self. In his heart there grew a strong resolve, with God's help, to live down the past.

He stretched out his hand, trem-

blingly, to her. "You will come," he said in a voice husky with deep feeling.

"For my mother's sake—and for yours," she said, and placed her hand in his.

HAD A LAUGH COMING.

Why Citizen Paid Gas Bill Without a Kick.

"You must excuse my ignorance," he softly began at the window of the gas office, "but I want to settle a doubt in my own mind. Is your gas the same as laughing gas?"

"I never heard any one laugh over it very much replied the clerk. 'In fact, it is generally the other way.'"

"But I—ha, ha, ha!"

"You are laughing over it, it seems?" "Yes; can't help it, you know. My June bill was \$2.25. We go away for July and shut the house up, and yet my July bill is much larger than the June."

"Perhaps that's where the laugh comes in?"

"I know it does—ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, we are always hearing of those things, and it is unnecessary to say that they make us tired. The bill seems to be \$4.80."

"Yes."

"And you—you—?"

"I'm going to laugh. It's a good joke—capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

"And you'll have to pay and not kick?" queried the astonished clerk.

"That's it. I'll even—ha, ha, ha!"

The clerk handed him back the change from a five-dollar bill and looked at him in such a way that the customer felt called upon to explain: "Yes, house all shut up for July, but we left six burners blazing away, and I thought you had me for a cool hundred dollars. Only \$4.80—ha, ha, ha!"

The Irish.

Now a health to the Irish, big-hearted and brave.

From Erin, far over the sea;
Who have left her for aye, braved the wind and the wave.

For a home in the land of the free,
And though homeless, perchance, in the land of their birth.

They, indeed, is the blue ocean's gem,
They want not for homes, for thorough-out the broad earth.

Every home is wide open to them.
Or, deprived of the power, so justly their own.

To rule o'er the fair Emerald Isle,
In the heart of mankind they have found a new throne.

And the scepter they wield is a smile,
And St. Patrick himself, gazing down from above.

Must smile on his day when is seen
How all classes and creeds show their fealty and love.

For the Irish by wearing the green.
And if from their country of thralldom and wrong.

They have brought little gold to invest,
Far better the mirth and the sunshine and song.

They have borne to the hearts of the West,
We acknowledge their genius and proudly admit.

That the world would not half be so bright
If these princes of kindness, good humor and wit.

Were to pass like a dream in the night.
When musing alone, looking into the flames,

Counting faces of friends loved the best,
We marvel to note that the quaint Irish names

Are the ones that outnumber the rest.
So we'll drink to them all, to the Fitzes and Maes.

To the Murphys, Moroneys and O's!
To the Mikes and the Patricks, the Jameses and Jacks.

From the land of the shamrock and
—W. L. Sanford in the Galveston News.

Equal to the "Stunt."

Harold celebrated his fifth birthday by attending Sunday school, his first experience. The teacher of the class to which he had been assigned gave to each child a card on which was printed the Apostles' Creed and told each one that she should expect them to memorize it by the following Sunday morning.

Harold, having been given one of the cards, felt so very important to think he had a lesson to learn that on his return from Sunday school he rushed to his mother's room, and holding the card for her to see, remarked importantly:

"See, mother, what I shall have to learn by next Sunday!"

"My dear child," exclaimed the mother, "you cannot possibly learn it by then!"

"Yes, I can, too," responded Harold.

"Why, I know 'way down to hell now!"

Cost of Balloons.

Balloons are "in the air" at present, and consequently the cost of those aerial machines is interesting. The size generally favored by "sportsmen" ranges from 27,000 to 45,000 cubic feet, the former costing in "cotton caoutchouc" £120, in Chinese silk £192, and in French silk £252; and the latter £220, £315 and £384, according to the material used. These prices include the balloon complete and ready to be filled with gas.—London Answers.

Monument to Shelley.

When the project of erecting a monument to the poet Shelley in Italy was discussed, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Edmund D'Amicis and other prominent Italian men of letters gave their approval. None of them, however, attended the unveiling of the monument at Viareggio recently. The speeches were of a political rather than a literary character. Eighty-one years have elapsed since Shelley was drowned at Viareggio.

Only a Question of Time.

"Our minister always hits it right when he prays for rain."

"Does it always come when he prays for it?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but when he starts in he always prays for it till it comes."

Railway Mileage.

Europe has 4.4 miles of railway for 10,000 people; the United States 25 miles.

GETTING TOGETHER

HARMONY RESTORED AMONG IOWA REPUBLICANS.

Speeches of Governor Cummins, Senator Allison and Congressman Lacey Show the Party to Be United on the Paramount Issues of the Day.

An encouraging sign of the times, a gratifying indication of the persistence of the right and the weakening of the wrong, is to be found in three notable Republican speeches delivered in the state of Iowa. In the first of these speeches, that of Gov. Cummins, at Des Moines, Sept. 26, one naturally looks for the reappearance of the "Iowa idea." But it is not there. You will not find a single allusion to the "monopoly-sheltering tariff;" not a word about the immediate necessity for tariff revision; no insistence upon "potential competition" as a means of bringing in an era of lowering prices; "domestic competition if possible, foreign competition if necessary." None of these things which Gov. Cummins has urged so strenuously in the past two years appears in the speech of Sept. 26. The "Iowa idea" is seemingly laid away and forgotten. For the most part the speech is sound in its Republicanism and stalwart in its protection as "the best adjustment that we can make within ourselves to enlarge the production of the country," he yet favors, through reciprocity, the larger admission of competitive goods from foreign countries, and the inevitable decrease of domestic production that must follow in the lines of industry selected for slaughter. Is it not astonishing that intelligent men should in one breath dilate

must frame no reciprocity arrangements that will do injustice to friendly countries—for example, Great Britain—and that in securing concessions we must do it "without impairing the protective policy in our own country." By these wise and intelligent standards we can never have reciprocity in competitive products. It is an impossibility. Senator Allison has strengthened his reputation for big brains and profound political sagacity.

The third of the great group of Iowa speeches was that of Congressman John F. Lacey at Allerton, Oct. 13. Here was a fine, old-fashioned, straightforward Republican speech. We do not find in it any reciprocity foolishness. It does not deal with that question at all. Mr. Lacey devoted himself wholly to the practical issue of Republican tariff making versus Democratic tariff making. He sketched in bold outlines our tariff history from the organization of the government up to the present day, and clearly demonstrated the invariable value of the protective policy and the invariable blight and curse attending our occasional lapses into or toward free trade. That is the point to be kept in view: Under whose scheme of tariff making, that of the protectionists or that of the free traders, has the country prospered most? That is the issue now, just as it has been the issue every time the Democratic party has undertaken to regain control of national affairs, just as it is going to be the issue next year. It is well that men of Congressman Lacey's great ability should make genuine, orthodox Republican speeches. The country needs them—"Lest we forget."

Shall We Abolish It?

Mr. Chamberlain is presenting some sad pictures of British industrial de-

TARIFF REFORM'S GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.



Tariff Reformer—You see, Mr. Miller, dividing the stream cannot take anything from the force and power of Protection. Uncle Sam (Miller)—Say, but you're a chump. Don't you see the wheel has stopped going round?

upon the tremendous blessings and advantages of protection and in the next breath advocate the purchase of a greatly increased volume of foreign competitive goods? Yet that is precisely the attitude of Gov. Cummins. From the standpoint of sound and logical economics it is the attitude of a schoolboy!

Senator Allison, in his speech at Clinton, on the 10th of October, was much wiser and shrewder. He did not put both feet in the reciprocity trap. After telling his hearers that tariff revision must not be thought of at least until after the election next year, "not until the voters have again passed upon the policy that should prevail in our tariff laws," the discreet and level-headed senator took sane, sensible ground regarding reciprocity. Thus:

"It is probable that in the future provisions for such trade will be largely made by modifying our tariff on condition that such countries modify their laws so as to give us an equivalent and so that we will receive as well as grant benefits. This will be done so as not to impair our protective policy."

If done at all—which it never will be or can be under a Republican administration—"this will be done so as not to impair our protective policy." That was McKinley's stand in the speech at Buffalo in 1901 that has been and still is being so flagrantly distorted and perverted. It is the stand of all sound Republicans: "Not to impair our protective policy." If our protective policy is not to be impaired, there can be no such thing as reciprocity in competitive products.

Again said Senator Allison, always insisting upon safe and consistent qualifications:

"In making these reciprocal arrangements, whether by law or treaty, with any country, care must be taken not to do injustice which would involve us in difficulty with other friendly countries with which we have treaties, or which have already given us great advantage in their laws for the free export of our products to such countries. Great Britain is an illustration of an open market for all our products."

"In making modifications of our tariff in the future the possibilities of reciprocal legislation should be utilized so far as practicable, securing thereby valuable concessions without impairing the protective policy in our own country, and without doing injustice to countries that already give us free access to their markets, or access to them upon favorable terms."

Note the saving clauses that we

cline. In his speech at Greenock he said: "The sugar trade has gone, the iron trade is threatened, and the turn of the cotton trade is coming next." Yet the Democratic party would make our protective tariff the paramount issue in 1904. "The wicked tariff, the tariff which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, which fosters trusts, which gives no real prosperity, let's abolish it," they say. Yes, let's abolish it. Let's forget the experience of 1893. Let's get a taste of this industrial decline which has opened the eyes of our British cousins to the fact that the protective nations have prospered amazingly, while Great Britain has gone backward.—Springfield Union.

Sugar Trust's Latest Move.

The active efforts of the Sugar trust to buy up the beet sugar factories in the West ought to result in improving the prospect of a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. The American Sugar Refining Company, as the trust is known, is said to have obtained a controlling interest in the following Michigan factories: Sebewaing Sugar Refining Co., Sebewaing; Sanita Co. Sugar Refining Co., Crossville; Peninsula Sugar Co., Caro; Tawas Sugar Co., East Tawas, Mich.; Michigan Sugar Co., Bay City; Alma Sugar Co., Alma; Saginaw Sugar Co., Saginaw; Valley Sugar Co., Saginaw; Menominee River Sugar Co., Menominee. It is expected that as soon as the beet sugar season is over the management of the factories will be placed under one head. The combined capitalization of the companies absorbed by the American Sugar Refining Co. is placed at \$6,350,000. Hartford Times.

The Outcome of Protection.

Says Mr. Mosely, in summing up the Report of the Industrial Commission to this country from England:

"My personal conclusion is that the true-born American is a better educated, better housed, better fed, better clothed and more energetic man than his British brother, and infinitely more sober; and, as a natural consequence, he is more capable of using his brains as well as his hands."

And it is all due to American wages, the outcome of protection which has built up and maintains our home market.

Not Yet.

The beet sugar output next year will be enormous if—but we will not be row trouble. The Cuban treaty is not in operation yet.

Forcing Plants to Bloom.

Flowering plants are now forced into early bloom by a bath of ether vapor. The plant is placed for forty-eight hours in a sealed tank containing ether. It is afterward removed to an ordinary hot-house and comes into full bloom in about two or three weeks. Lilies, azaleas and daisies respond readily to the treatment, which is now extensively used in Germany.

To Clean a Brush.

To clean an ebony-backed brush, soak the brushes in hot, soapy lather, rinsing first in hot and then in cold water. The backs should be rubbed with a small mite of linseed oil and then polished with a soft cloth. Dry the bristles as quickly as possible after washing or they are likely to get soft and flabby. Dry thoroughly before using.

Saw Danger in Applause.

Phocion the Athenian was a man of great severity and in no way flexible to the will of the people. One day he spoke to the people and in one part of his speech was applauded; whereupon he turned to one of his friends and asked: "What have I said amiss?"

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or mucous membrane disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonial free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best.

"Taffy" on a String.

In Lapland the family dining table is not furnished with a sugar bowl. From a rafter of the house a string is suspended, to the end of which a lump of rock sugar is fastened. The sugar hangs just over the table. As each Lap feels the need of saccharine refreshment he takes off a piece, and then goes on with his meal.

Most Valuable Book.

The most valuable book ever published by a private citizen was probably the catalogue of the Walters collection of pictures and ceramics in Baltimore. Only 100 copies were published, which were presented to the great libraries and museums of the world. This small edition cost more than \$100,000.

Papa Cares for Ladder.

"And now," whispered the lover, as he caught her in his arms, "what shall we do about the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there." "Don't worry about it," replied the damsel. "Papa said he would pull it up again, so we couldn't get back."—Philadelphia Press.

The Painting of Iron.

The thin coat of black oxide left on iron after rolling is the most permanent form of iron oxide, and a slight amount of rust does not prevent paint from adhering to iron. Therefore the theory that iron must be cleaned to a white surface by sandblast or otherwise before painting seems untenable.

Whisky Consumption.

In sixty years the annual per capita consumption of whisky has gradually decreased from two and a half to one and a fourth gallons. In forty years the consumption of beer has increased from less than two to more than seven gallons per capita.

Coal Handling Record.

The coal handling machinery at a Boston wharf lowered the world's record by raising coal from a steamer ninety feet to storage pockets at the rate of 320 tons an hour. The capacity of the shovel was two tons.

A Daily Thought.

"It is quite easy to form the habit of looking for beauty, for good, for happiness, for gladness, and, like the searcher for trouble and causes of disaster, we shall always find that for which we seek."

HAPPY DAYS.

When Friends Say "How Well You Look."

What happy days are those when all our friends say, "How well you look." We can bring those days by a little care in the selection of food just as this young man did.

"I had suffered from dyspepsia for three years and last summer was so bad I was unable to attend school," he says: "I was very thin and my appetite at times was poor, while again it was craving. I was dizzy and my food always used to ferment instead of digesting. Crossness, unhappiness and nervousness were very prominent symptoms."

"Late in the summer I went to visit a sister and there I saw and used Grape-Nuts. I had heard of this famous food before, but never was interested enough to try it, for I never knew how really good it was. But when I came home we used Grape-Nuts in our household all the time and I soon began to note changes in my health. I improved steadily and am now strong and well in every way and am back at school able to get my lessons with ease and pleasure and can remember them too, for the improvement in my mental power is very noticeable and I get good marks in my studies which always seemed difficult before."

"I have no more of the bad symptoms given above but feel fine and strong and happy, and it is mighty pleasant to hear my friends say: 'How well you look.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"